

THE VOLETTE

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Number 5

G. I. WHO'S WHO AT U. T. JUNIOR COLLEGE

(Continued from last issue)

T. L. JACKSON: I left for service in November of 1943. I had just finished high school and liked excitement; so my buddy and I volunteered for the Marines. I wasn't in service long, but I got all of it that I want. Out of twenty-four months in service twenty-one were overseas with the Fourth Division.

I never spent a liberty in the states. I didn't have time before I went overseas. I got discharged as soon as we got back.

EWING B. JACKSON: Immediately after graduation from the Buchanan High School I was called into service. I disliked the idea of going away from home and not being able to continue my education.

Going into basic training was entirely a new life for me. The things I had to do were unheard of as far as I was concerned. I had never shot a machine gun, or any of the weapons they put before me to operate. Couldn't hit the target at first, and in everything seemed an impossibility.

Then I was privileged to get in the Tenth Mountain Division. It seemed even more complicated than the former. I had every day, hours and hours of hand to hand fighting, mountain climbing, rock and ice climbing. All were very difficult but the sport of the thing kept it from being boring. The best of all was learning to ski. I enjoyed it very much, and now that I am back I think that I am the only one in my neighborhood that can ride the death-boards, as they are commonly referred to.

W. T. OSBORNE: I finished high school at Hornbeak, Tennessee in May, 1936. I did no special work for two years and in April, 1938, I volunteered for service in the Navy. My enlistment was four full years, and I was scheduled for release from service in 1942. However, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor in December, 1941, and I was unable to get out of the Navy until after the war was won. At the time I received my discharge, October 26, 1945, I had seven years, six months, and one day service. My permanent rating was chief pharmacist mate. While in the Navy I served on continental shore stations on shipboard and foreign shore stations. I had a total of fifty-two months outside the United States during the national emergency with the exception of three months' training period when I first enlisted, my entire time in the Navy was in the medical department. I am now taking a pharmacy course in order to become a pharmacist in civilian life.

JOE S. RAWLS: My name is Joe S. Rawls, age twenty-three years. I attended Dresden High School, and finished in 1940. I was right end on the 1939 football team. I worked for eighteen months after finishing school. I enlisted in the Navy on December 10, 1941, and served for four years. I served in both theaters of operations, and was at sea, or overseas, thirty-one months. I was made the happiest man in the world on December 5, 1945, as that was the day I was converted into a civilian again.

WILKINS M. WILLIAMSON: I am a graduate of Byars High School in Covington, Tennessee.

(Continued on page 4)

State Survey of Schools Started in W. Tennessee

A survey of the schools of Tennessee under the direction of the State Department of Education is being conducted in the various grand divisions of the state. The survey, to be completed in the next three months, was started in West Tennessee on January 28, in selected schools of Shelby County. Professor J. Paul Phillips, head of the Education Department of UTJC, was appointed by Commissioner of Education Burgin Dossett to the Committee on the Instructional Program. Superintendent Robert Marshall of Martin schools, was also named on the committee.

The study embraces every phase of education—organization and administration of the present educational program, the character of the present administrative and teaching personnel, the adequacy of our school buildings, grounds, and transportation, and the character and value of the present instructional program.

Professor Phillips has made a survey of the instructional program in social sciences in the selected schools in Shelby County, and also of physical sciences in the selected schools of Weakley County. Professor David C. Allen, instructor of history, political science and English at UTJC, has charge of the survey of social science instruction in Weakley County.

Nu Kappa Nu Meets

The Nu Kappa Nu met January 17 with the president, Evelyn Pouncey, presiding. Doris Barnes was elected the new secretary-treasurer to fill Evelyn Fletcher's place. For our social this quarter we decided to have a theatre party.

Cora DeBerry gave a report on the baskets which were distributed for Thanksgiving. The club agreed to send flowers to Mrs. Doris Christenbury Dodd. Since this concluded the business the program was turned over to Mary Lou Johnson. Ann Creswell and Sister Fields gave their version of "When You Wore a Tulip." We also had another treat, Sarah Seay gave a reading.

Later the Nu Kappa Nu had a special meeting in which it was decided to give \$5.00 to the March of Dimes.

Home Economics Club

The Home Economics Club met January 28 in the Home Ec Building at 7:00 with sixty members present. The meeting was opened by the president, Joanne Smith, followed by the roll call and the reading of the minutes of the last meeting by Regina Presnell, the secretary. The meeting was then turned over to Erie Kate Porter, program chairman.

"Memories" being the theme of our program, it was carried out with Ruth Edenton, Martha Abbott, Joneal Yancey, Katherine Thomas, Joy Wren, Fay Crank and Celine Pitts portraying the different stages of life with appropriate costumes to match each stage.

Miss Helen Hawkins, our dean of women, was the guest speaker. She told us many of the things that she saw and did during her Christmas vacation in New York City. After she had finished everyone felt as though they had been to New York themselves.

At the close of the meeting refreshments were served to the members and guests.

Temporary Housing Plans Unfold at U. T. J. C.

A telegram from Senator Tom Stewart yesterday stated that 20 family units had been assigned to U. T. Junior College by the Federal Public Housing Authority, Atlanta, Ga. This is very good news, but it does not complete the arrangements. These temporary units will more likely be trailers. Just where they are to come from has not yet been determined.

Shipping instructions have been issued to the army depot, Memphis, for four complete barracks, 20'x48', and also 16 additional sections. It is contemplated that these will be erected somewhere on the campus in the form of a letter H, with the cross between the H being represented by washroom facilities. Barber & McMurry, architects at Knoxville, have drawn the tentative plan for the erection of this unit.

Other requests of the Junior College have been made at a number of places, both relating to housing and equipment for instruction. It is not predictable as to what the outcome may be, but the school officials have considerable hope that the results will go far in allowing the institution to meet its obligations to the returning students, especially the veterans.

The homes of Martin have shown a continuing spirit of cooperation in making an increasing number of rooms available. This is of great aid at this time.

Unit of Area Farmers Meeting

On February 6 Mr. Paul Meek, executive officer of U. T. Junior College, met with the Unit and Area Farmers, who were working with TVA and the Extension Service at Paris, Tennessee. Mr. Meek gave a talk on "Using the Income Farm Unit and Area Farms To Provide Higher Education For Our Children." He stressed three main points: The leadership of the future depending on higher education for our young people. A definite portion of our income was to be set aside for advanced education. It is not right to invest our incomes in better land, better homes and better cattle unless at the same time we invest and better our education.

Ideal Boy and Girl

From English 113 class we have taken a vote on the ideal boys and girl. The results are as follows:

Girl

Face of Dot Moffet.
Legs of Kathy Thomas.
Hair of Marjorie Clary.
Eyes of Gwen Glass.
Teeth of Erie Kate Porter.
Complexion of Sarah Seay.
Hands of Martha Nell Warmath.
Personality of Peggy Goodwin.
Smile of "Sis" Fields.
Friendliness of Carolyn Burton.
Clothes of Tommie Lancaster.
Figure of Helen McGowan.

Boy

Hair of Frank Boswell.
Eyes of Lewis Thornton.
Teeth of Albert Carlton.
Personality of E. T. Brann.
Physique of Bill Webb.
Smile of Bill Yandell.
Clothes of Joel Shore.
Wolfishness of Troy Watkins.
Face of Sammy Hayes.
Brains of Allen Edmonson.
Friendliness of Belville.

Junior Vols Defeat Union University

The U. T. Junior Vols defeated Union University of Jackson in a basketball encounter played there Tuesday night, 57-35. Bill Webb paced the victors, scoring 16 points.

Basketball Record

Our first game this quarter was with the Naval Separation Center. Webb was high point man with Canada and Hayes doing a good job of backing 'em up too. Allen and Jackson were our outstanding defenders. We lost 6 points, 45-51, but man! what a game!

Then we took Austin Peay with a score 26-11. Webb was high point with Canada right on his Hayes, Jackson, Allen and Herndon took good care of the defensive.

Bethel College took us for a loop with a 38-56 loss, but the game was still good. Hayes was high point man with Canada and Webb close up. Jackson rocked up some with Allen, Shore and Bynum assisting.

We then journeyed to Nashville to defeat David Lipscomb 31-27. Webb was high point man with Jackson right behind him. Canada, Davis and Hayes held down the defensive.

Then on from Nashville to Florence to defeat Alabama State Teachers 32-27. Canada was star floor man and Webb was high point man with Jackson coming in close. Canada, Hayes and Davis did a good job defending.

Then we played Paducah Junior College and won 56-26. Canada was high point man with Webb coming in second. Freeman, Shore, Jackson, Davis, Hayes and others played good defensive.

Then we took Lambuth 45-27. Webb was high point man with Hayes one point behind. Jackson, Canada, Bevil, Herndon, Edmonson, Bynum held down the defensive. The girls intramural play-off was just before the game and the Yellow team won the trophy. After the game we danced until 11:00 p.m.

Next was Alabama State Teachers up here and we took them 48-36. Webb was high point with Canada next. Hayes played a good floor game with Jackson and Davis pitching in.

Then we poured to Paducah to take Paducah Junior College 31-58. Webb was high point man with Canada in there too. Freeman was a go-getter that night. Hayes and Davis took care of the defensive.

We're leading the Mississippi Valley Conference with seven wins, one loss. Everybody, let's back up our boys and take this thing.

Kroll In Sat. Review

The February 16 issue of Saturday Review of Literature contains an article by Jesse Stuart, the novelist, on H. H. Kroll as a teacher of creative writing and English at Lincoln Memorial. In that class of 1926 five nationally known writers have come.

Included are Stuart, Don West, whose three books will be published by Boni and Liveright, James Still, and two others of lesser note.

Paul Flowers of the Commercial Appeal says, "I think it is as fine a tribute as I ever saw paid a man. I am sure Mr. Kroll deserves every good thing Stuart says about him."

The low moans arising from Reed Hall are due to the fact that two of the girls are leaving this quarter. They are Evelyn Pouncey, who has completed her six quarters and plans to work; also Chris Gabel, who is moving to Connecticut.

Guess Betty Weatherford is happy again Harry Kroll, Jr., is home again.

Valentine Dance

We are all so proud of our Valentine Dance given by the Freshies this year. It is said to be the "best since the war."

Grace Dietzel was the "woman to be honored." She really did a good job, aided by her decorating committee: Ann Whalen, Virginia Pittman, Martha Pickens, Carolyn Burton, and the faculty advisors, Athea Webb and Miss Swindler. Let's not forget the "clean-up committee" Pat Paschall, Frances Carwell, Margie Clarie, Corine Reagon, Joan Jordan, Virginia Ingram, Marie De Priest, aided by the stalwart males of our freshman class.

The noted Jimmy Sam Dungan of Paducah, Kentucky, played the "sweetest music by far." People came from near and far. The metropolises represented were: Savannah, Paris, Union City, Fulton, Dyersburg, Tiptonville, Jackson, Dresden, Kenton, Martin and many others.

We hopefully sent out 450 invitations and about 525 people came. Men, beautiful girls, interested faculty, observant spectators, all crowded into the U. T. Junior College gym.

There were dancers there that equalled Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

The traditional grand march helped one to get around, meet new men and girls, and see how everyone looked. It was led by Freshman President Billy Yandell, who escorted Martha Frances Cornwell, followed by Charlie Davis, who escorted Helen McGowan, then came Allen Sharp Edmonson with Joan Smith.

The gym was cleverly camouflaged with red and white. Big red hearts were hung on the curtains of the stage. The rafters and all other distracting sights in the ceiling were hidden by streamers, white picket fences slowed down the mob at the entrance.

Added to the glamour was the photographer who snapped pictures that in future years will bring a tender smile to our lips and memories of a perfect night to our hearts. See that dance was so perfect it made me poetic!

The freshmen all gladly gave a dollar "cause our big time cost money." The dance ended at 11:45 so us Cinderellas could get to bed before we turned back normal looking.

A wonderful time was had by all, those who missed it envy us. We hope the student body will participate and cooperate with all the other dances and parties like they did with this one.

Lyceum Program

An interesting program was presented February 6 by Mr. Bolander on his hobbies. He had several illustrations of hobbies of his own. These included collections of shells, pictures, stamps, fans, tea bags, learning words, carving and several others. All together Mr. Bolander has 246 hobbies.

Stanford Travels

Gene Stanford has made a recent trip to Atlanta, Nashville and other places in the Southeast in connection with the Veterans Housing Problem. Effort is being made to have a place for the veterans to live while at U. T. J. C. A plan has been approved by the state and immediate action is expected.

THE VOLETTE

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An Experience On the Radio I Shall Never Forget

Several days last July prior to "Air Force Day" on August 1, I was able to speak on the radio to help advertise the celebration at Indianapolis. All my friends knew the station and time thereby gathering in a group to hear and criticize me or my script. Time came for my appearance and all went well. I think my friends were disappointed because they found no blunders to tease me about. Among those present was a reporter from the Indianapolis News, whose name was William L. Toms. He was favorably impressed and remembered it when "Air Force Day" finally arrived.

During the celebration Mr. Toms, being a well known reporter, had been introducing me to various distinguished guests at different intervals throughout the day. Late in the afternoon he again summoned me to follow. I did expect to meet some governor or movie star as I had the times before. In going to the reviewing stand I saw Mr. Toms pause and hand a radio announcer a small piece of paper. This proved to be my introduction and as I approached that gentleman I heard the final words of it go on the air. Simultaneously with the ending of my introduction he poked the microphone in my face. I was dumbfounded and a state of mental paralysis seized by brain. This I thought should be legal grounds for murder. After swallowing two lumps that felt larger than my hat, I managed to speak for three minutes, explaining my presence on the air and discussing everything in evidence including the B-19, a jet airplane and the helicopter.

That pause in the beginning proved only a few seconds and the announcer was pleased at having some of his blank time filled. However, until this good day William L. Toms avoids bending to tie his shoe in my presence, especially within close shot of me. Walter Becker.

Mary Lou, don't feel so bad, perhaps Bobby will soon realize his mistake.

Pat Paxhall goes to the post office every time she has a minute. Could it be a letter from Joe she wants.

Era kie has more luck with her men. One leaves in the morning and another arrives that night.

Anne Moore sings "Waitin' For the Train To Come In" like she really meant it.

Mary Lou, you do get in the awful messes.

Watch out girls, Wolf Jackson is on the loose.

Hay anyone seen Sherlock and Watson today, I have lost my religion.

Anne Moore, can't you take "NO" for an answer, or do you know only one boy on the campus that you think suitable to take you to the dance?

Salty Cookies

Once there was a little old cookie Who was sweet as could be But along came little Salty and Salty Cookies need another to be three.

When this little old cookie has a fuss Salty runs for the little old dog house

He is always getting in Dutch, For Taylor is shy as a little old mouse.

"Brilliant" Webb, the biggest operator in school, can't decide what flavor of lipstick he likes best. Its up to Sara Seay and Tommy to make up his mind.

Sweet Sixteen

Troy's pet,

Never been kissed

By Robertson yet.

"Silk" Roberson from East Tennessee, the man who used to train for b. ball by chasing squirrels over the mountains, is now training by chasing gals over the campus. At home he yodled across the mountains to his love to get his lungs in shape. Here he uses wolf calls to all his loves.

Notice: Salty and Marilucile Dodd, on and after this date he is not responsible for anything he does.

With four feet turned under Freeman would be an average size man.

It's time to start over, Miss Pittman you have dated most of the choice men, "Bones" might prove interesting once more.

What is the mater with your cute little man Pie?

Did everyone hear about the party the Phillips House boys threw. You could see the results the next morning.

When I die, bury me deep, Put my trig. book at my feet, Tell Mr. Webb I've gone to rest, And won't be back for the next hard test.

McGill, when you start throwing ash trays at people, all of them won't take it, you know. Eh, Peeler?

Don't you think Mr. Allen gets more handsome as the days go by. Love that man!

"Mule," we hear these veterans are giving you woman trouble.

Allen, Joane really missed you while you were gone.

Wynns, that sure was a queer looking French girl you were with in Louisiana.

Dedication to Tommie Lancaster

If I were a little bee,

I know what I would do;

I would make a bee-line

Straight from me to you.

Bill Webb.

Ashes to ashes, and

Dust to dust;

Show me the woman

That a man can trust.

Leon Jones.

Wish I had a nickel,

Wish I had a dime;

Wish I had a Watkins boy

To kiss and call him mine.

Chris Gabel.

Who could beat out boogie-woogie on the piano but Uncle Jackson.

I guess the cottage girls have gone in the business shoveling snow.

That's ok, Pat, we don't mind you having telephone conversations thirty (30) minutes, but forty-five (45) minutes NEVER.

Some popular girl this Anne Moore. She goes out with one man, and when she comes back there is another one waiting for her. Charles, you gotta quit this graveyard shift.

Dietzel, we wish you would pick out one man and leave the rest to us.

Where there is Sue there is always Lawrence.

This Meals woman really sends the men one to China, one to California, one to England—she just sends "em.

One Day As A Prisoner of War

Stalag Luft III was a camp for captured air force officers. It was located approximately half way between Berlin and Breslau in eastern Germany. The camp was divided into six compounds. Three compounds were occupied by British subjects and three were occupied by American officer personnel. High barbed wire fences surrounded the entire camp, with one gate opening into the adjoining territory. German guards were located on all sides of each compound.

The daily lines of the prisoners started by roll call at 8:30 o'clock each morning. Each prisoner strived to maintain the standards of an American Army officer, even under such opposing conditions. Roll call varied in length from 30 minutes to four hours.

After the prisoners were dismissed from roll call, they employed various jobs of entertainments to disrupt the monotony of prison life. Many of them began the preparation of food for breakfast, which consisted of hot tea or coffee and German black bread. Others participated in organized sports or worked in small vegetable gardens.

The morale builder for the day came at noon when mail from home was delivered. At this time all work and play was immediately halted. The letters were accompanied by shouts of enthusiasm and joy by the receivers. The letters were probably thirty days or six months of age, but they could not have been received with more joy if they had been only two days of age.

By the time comments and letters were exchanged, it was time for the mid-afternoon meal. This meal usually consisted of foods obtained through the International Red Cross, with the addition of German bread and potatoes. In the majority of the groups this was the principal meal of the day. The prisoners made plates from tin cans.

After eating, the prisoners had frequent softball games. History, English, mathematics, or literature classes were held on other days by qualified prisoners.

Another diversion was the theater, roughly converted from an old barracks. Approximately two hundred seats were made from wooden Red Cross boxes. The theater programs were produced by the prisoners.

The prisoners were required to be inside of the barracks by darkness. All black-out regulations were strictly enforced, and the barracks were locked at nine o'clock in the evening. The few books supplied by the International Young Men's Christian Association were read repeatedly in the long quiet evenings.

The boredom and monotony of the day ended at eleven o'clock in the evening when all lights were extinguished. The prisoners wearily fell asleep on their mattresses of straw, perhaps to be awakened soon by the persistent Germans in a last effort to account for each man.—John Brown.

What has happened to the Shore Thomas romance?

Robert Barkley seems to be very fond of cats. "Kitty" must have said "meow"! (Kitty Adams).

I wonder if Margaret Meals is starting a flower garden. I saw her with a "cactus" Sunday night.

Pat says there will never be another freshman class president as far as she is concerned.

Let's not vote for the most flirtatious man on the campus, because we all know S. Jones Warren would win.

There goes Bill Webb dealing bread from the bottom of the deck again.

"Our Luav"

While I was stationed at the United States Naval Hospital, Territory Hawaii, the department in which I worked decided to have a luav. A Hawaiian luav is similar to a picnic.

Committees were picked to furnish entertainment, refreshments, and food. Each member of our department was allowed to invite a guest. After the invitations were sent out we found that there would be one hundred present for the picnic.

The committee went into action immediately and bought a pig and some beer. The committee was a big success in getting the food and refreshments.

The next job was to find out who would stay on duty at the garage. Someone had to be left to take care of emergency calls while we went to the luav.

The pig was cooked Hawaiian style. We dug a pit about four or five feet deep. Then we covered the bottom with stones and lined it with wire mesh. Then we covered the wire with sacks and leaves. We put the pig into the pit and filled him with hot stones. We then buried him to cook for four hours.

When everyone had arrived at Camp McMullin refreshments were served. We sat around drinking beer and waiting for the pig to finish cooking.

Mr. Gage called everyone to unearth the pig. Then we really started the picnic. Some of the boys acted as waiters and put the pig on the table. Everyone sat down and started to eat. It was the best meat I have ever eaten. Everyone enjoyed the food.

Soon everyone had finished eating, and we went back to the refreshments. After about an hour someone suggested that we play softball. We arranged two teams. Our side won the game by a mere two points.

When the game ended it was almost dark, and time for us to go back to the hospital. A few men were left to clean up the grounds. Everyone else went back to the hospital.—Darius Brasfield.

Jackson (piano fingers) would like to invite all of you to his wedding, which is to be held on Thursday before the dance. The lucky woman, we hear, lives in Freeman Hall.

Who pays Ted Dodd to haul the girls around?

Anne, who is that man that sits down at the cottage and waits until you get home from a walk with Jackson?

I don't know how Martha likes mustaches, but on Howard Hunt I guess she is crazy about them.

Frank, what kind of costume were you, Anne and Pat wearing on that trip to Fulton Sunday night. You really looked glamorous.

Miss Tommie Lancaster and Bill Webb are back on speaking terms. It looks like this might turn into a beautiful love affair.

There are still about three girls on the campus that Howard Hunt hasn't dated, but don't worry he has promised all of them.

Will Brenner is really interested in learning in school. I noticed last week he wrote a letter home saying: Dear Mom, taking up new language. Send twenty dollars for Scotch.

I was under the impression that James Warmath was married and lived in town. If so, why is he always in the girls' dorm? Seldom see him with the same girl twice.

Mrs. Davies is the Sweetheart of the "Vets."

Canada and Jackson sure like to walk in the moonlight. Jackson always comes home with "bloole" on his lips.

Why didn't Toy Lee Jackson take his girl friend to the dance?

CONFETTI

What was a certain girl doing Sunday night—trying to start a fire in the dormitory?

What was Brodie gonna "show" Doris Martin this week-end? Where is she any way?

Martha Doris that surely is a pretty ring you are wearing on your "right" hand.

Anne Creswell sure does look happy on Sunday nights. That boy friend of yours must be a "wow."

Watch the Warmath-Hunt romance!

Just what does "Pie" Phillips have that the rest of the girls don't have?

Sara Seay sure looked happy last week-end.

Mary Leone, how do you like Dr. Smith's prescription for a mouth wash, especially outside the "Pit"?

Why did Carolyn Burton go home this week-end? Could it be because of Uncle Sam, "Tiny"?

Come on, Shiela, where did you take dear Jones Sunday night? Something exciting must have happened because he hasn't eaten a bite since then.

Martha, what happened to the guy you were with at church Sunday night after Jean Glover came in?

Henry, don't feel too badly, Martha Ann doesn't really hate you but you had better watch your words, she will get even with you.

Martha Ann, why did you hit Jackson so hard. He even had to wear a bandage over his eye.

I wonder why Corinne Reagor has been going home so often. Could it be that a certain sailor named Houston has a discharge?

Why is Katherine always talking about Jenny?

Have you heard about the Allen and Forsythe affair? Doing good to go with a professor's daughter, Forsythe!!

I wonder why Dorothea Moffett has been staying close to the phone for, could it be that part of the Navy is coming home on leave?

Say girls, if you have not visited in the city of Bells you had better go.

Chois, you shouldn't study so hard from 6:30 until 7:30 p.m. You know Tony doesn't.

Who feeds Bill Webb bread at the dining hall?

How is Bill Webb and the little "Red Head"?

Bill, who is the new girl friend?

Canada, don't tell me that wasn't lipstick on your handkerchief! Celine seemed to know.

Can someone tell me who those guys were the other Sunday that caused Katherine and Corinne to be all a-flutter?

Gee, Mary Lake, we really do miss you. Hurry back, kid.

Geanie Glover really rates these long distance telephone calls—and what a party!

Tiny Burton, what's this we hear about the fellow getting in? When is he going to anchor down UTJC way?

During fire drill Reed Hall girls cleared the dormitory in two minutes. How's that for speed?

Did you glimpse that marvelous statue erected in front of Reed Hall after the big snow Sunday? Architecture-three genius.

Twins, what about that week-end at home? Fun, eh? We bet so!

If anyone is curious about what happened to Billy Armstrong's fin. ers just ask him.

Joneal, what has Top been saying about the brunette-from Selmer that has been coming to see you.

Say Webb, we hear you are curious about a certain little girl that lives in Freeman Hall.

I kinda think Bill Webb likes red heads, don't you?

Grace Dietzel's latest has a convertible, but you can never find it.

The "Soap Opera"

"Will Evelyn's daughter really murder her cousin's cat?"

"And what about Dorothy's husband? Will he ever be able to walk again?"

"Listen to tomorrow's exciting chapter of 'Ladies In Love,' a true-to-life-story of the life of Dorothy Hacken, whose husband was recently released from active duty as a fireman in the Merchant Marine."

I don't know how many of these "Soap Operas" clutter the airways for I have never had the will power to listen to them all.

Day after day the average housewife listens to a round dozen heart-breaking dramas, deeply interested in each, and, to make matters worse, making comments as the perpetual theme unfolds.

I tried at first to study at home on my free afternoons, but Zoology and "Portia Faces Life" will not mix. The phraseology is so stilted and the sound effects so

cleverly arranged, that most detached dreamer winces when a woman's heart-broken sobbing bores its way into his brain.

Many are the husbands who have rashly attempted to erase the source of his torture by turning the radio switch. I tried it once. Now I leave the house when the wife glances at the clock, then frantically makes a dive for the radio. It's hopeless.

The most ridiculous part of the program occurs during the reading done by the announcer. How can that man force himself to read with expression through so many of those heart-breaking serials? While philosophers are writing volumes about the power of will, I think they would do well by observing the life of a radio announcer. Can you imagine yourself making your voice sob and become tremulous while reading the closing lines of story number fourteen?

I think many women have missed their destiny by writing material of a lighter nature. My wife claims that she is stupid. Many women do, but with the marvelous training in remembering events in sequence the radio is today giving the housewife the wonderful demonstrations of memory the housewives have shown, I wonder why more women have not chosen the recording of history as their vocation.

Ladies, the "Soap Opera" is driving your husbands from their home. No man in full control of his senses will listen to them. Please, turn them off.

PEANUT HULLS

Martha Nell and Hunt seem to be doing all right. Keep up the good work.

We hear Max is still sweet on Tommye, a box of candy for Valentine.

Peggy Goodwin, who is this new admirer of yours that sends you candy?

Peggy, why were those big brown eyes so sleepy last week end?

We wonder how Doris Martin feels about that ring on her left hand. He must have done plenty sweet talking. Huh, Doris?

Doris Martin, late to school Monday. I wonder why?

What's happened to the Waggener-Lancaster case?

Troy Watkins, be sure you know who is in the car the next time you open the door.

Martha Nell, please stay out of the garbage can or Helen Burns will roll you down the steps.

Mary Holmes, we are beginning to wonder who the cute boy from Dresden is and who he is interested in at Reed Hall. You wouldn't know, now would you?

Watkins, no wonder you had a flat the other night. You can't date a red-head and a blonde the same night and not expect "trouble".

A big snow could not begin to interfere with a wonderful week end, could it, Pouncey!

Becky you shouldn't let "Poodles" take your man away from you.

Diana, you aren't doing bad. How are those strip poker games going, Freeman Hall girls?

Erie Kate, how do you rate Barney?

Prentis Forsythe, why don't you wake up?

Why is it that several of the girls don't go home now. Couldn't be the additional men?

Baby Edenton, that sailor was awful cute.

Off The Backboard

From January 10th until February 7th the boys' intramural basketball teams fought for the campus championship. At the end of a long struggle and a struggle which was not easy, the Blue team proved to be the basketball champions. Mr. Thompson awarded the trophy to Donald Peeler, who was acting captain for Sammie Hayes, who is the Blue team captain. The title was won by the Blue after a tie game with the Red team, which was runnerup. The final score of the winning team was 14-11 for the Blue.

There seemed to be a lack of interest in basketball by the ex-G. I's. Maybe the coming volley ball turney will prove to interest them.

Oh, yes—The girls raised so much Cain about we boys attending their games that now they forget that there is a gym, about five, on the days the boys (or men) participate in their activities. Gals your rooting for your team is appreciated by all. Even the opposite team has no hard feeling toward you.

What Would Happen If—

Miss Hawkins forgot her Pow.
Mrs. Patterson lost her bell.
Mr. Horton parted his hair on the side.

Mr. Bowman was a flirt.
Mr. Webb gained some weight.
The new teacher wasn't married.
Mr. Allen lost his "cur."
Mrs. Davies rode a bicycle.
Mr. Knepp talked through his mouth.

Miss Watkins cooked a meal.
Mr. McMahan entered a talking contest.

Mr. Phillips wore a bustle.
Mr. Thompson grew a goatee.
Mr. Campbell tried to jitterbug.
Miss Swindler got married.
Mrs. Milton read Esquire.
Mrs. Freeman wore pigtails.
Mrs. Reed got in the trash can.
Peggy Goodwin dyed her hair.
Martha Pickens settled for one guy.

Marilucile proposed to Salty.
Sheila combed her hair before breakfast.

Chris lost her priss.
Sue Mayo made a B.
Troy Watkins lost his red hair.

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Martin and Union City

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G. I. WHO'S WHO AT U. T. JUNIOR COLLEGE

(Continued from page 1)

and attended this college in the years of 1940 and 1942 before entering the Army Air Force. I took aeronautics the winter quarter of 1942, but due to circumstances beyond my control I didn't complete the course.

I traveled quite extensively while in the Army, both here in the U. S. A. and in the Southwest Pacific, including Australia, New Guinea and the Philippines. My job was extremely interesting and kept me well informed as to the progress our planes were making on missions.

I received my discharge at Fort McPherson, Georgia, on a terrible day, but I'll never forget that day as it will always stay in my memory.

It is simply marvelous to be back in college and doing the things I dreamed and hoped to do while overseas when returned to the United States.

ELMER COUNCE: At twenty I enlisted in the U. S. Coast Guard as an apprentice seaman. After being sworn in at Nashville I was sent to Coast Guard Training Station, Algiers-New Orleans, Louisiana for "boot" training. Six weeks "boot" training passed quickly, and my company was assigned to Captain of the Port, Savannah, Georgia, later to Captain of the Port, Brunswick, Georgia, where I was stationed for several months.

Then came more training and I was sent to Cooks and Bakers School, Coast Guard Training Station, Groton, Connecticut. Upon completion of the course I was returned to my last station until orders came for transfer to the Coast Guard Receiving Station, San Francisco, California.

After five weeks of "Sunny California," 2300 "coasties" boarded the U. S. S. Audubon for Fitchhaven, New Guinea. Nearly two months of transfers took place until finally I was assigned duty aboard the U. S. S. Abarenda, which was a fleet oiler. To me, it was only "sweat and work."

"Sweat and work" continued until October, 1945, when I was sent back to the States for discharge under the point system.

In conclusion I would like to say, "I won no medals, fought no battles and have no glory"—only that glory which comes from "sweat and work."

JAMES M. MYRACLE: April 6, 1943, was the day of my Army life began. After reporting to the Induction Center at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, I was sent to Camp Robinson, Arkansas, for basic training in the infantry. Eleven other boys from the University of Tennessee Junior College were sent to the same place.

When I finished my basic training I was assigned to the Army Specialized Training Unit at the University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. I completed three terms of the six-term engineering course. All the boys in the Army Specialized Training Unit were under 21 years of age. This training was stopped March 4, 1944. The Army needed more replacements for its infantry divisions.

From the University of Pittsburgh I went to Ninety-fifth Infantry Division at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania, and a few months later we were on our way overseas. We landed in England and stayed there about a month. This was our last chance to get an ordnance inspection of our weapons, and it was here we were issued ammunition.

We landed in France about September 1, 1944 and in a few days were assigned to the Third Army. I was taken prisoner of the Germans at Metz and was in four different prison camps: Limberg, Muhlberg, Halle and a wire pen

at Torgan. I made one escape and got close enough to the American lines to hear American tanks, but I was re-captured. We were liberated April 24, 1945 by the American First Army and I was flown to a hospital in England, and six weeks later I was on my way home. I was given a three months' furlough at home and was then stationed at Fort Bliss, Texas, where I was discharged November 28, 1945.

WILLIAM W. SELLERS: I was in my senior year of high school when I received my call to the Army. I was a member of the Enlisted Reserve Corps of the Army Air Forces. I lacked two months completing my senior year when called. However, I received my high school diploma through the courtesy of the principal of my high school.

My home town is Lexington, Tennessee. I was born and reared near there. I attended the Lexington High School from 1939 to 1944. Mr. W. W. Bobbitt was principal.

I was called into service January 16, 1944. I took my basic training at Miami Beach, Florida. I took my overseas training at Pueblo, Colorado. I went overseas October 21, 1944. I was based in England as a crew member on a B-24 bomber. I was shot down February 9, 1945 and was a prisoner of war for the last three months of the war. I was in four German prisoner of war camps. Two of these were at Frankfurt, one at Nurnberg and the last one at Moosburg. I was liberated April 29, 1945, by the Fourteenth Armored Division of General George S. Patton's Third Army. There were 27,000 American fliers liberated at this time.

WILLIAM SHOFNER: I received my questionnaire four days after I was 20 years old. I was expecting it even sooner. My induction center was Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. I was then sent to Fort Custer, Michigan, where there was nothing but snow for five months. The first day of December, 1942, I was put on active duty with the 783rd Military Police Battalion, Company B, which was activated at that time. We stayed in the States until February 12, 1944. We sailed from New York to Scotland, and then were stationed in England until a month after D-Day. We then moved into France at Omaha Beach, following two of our companies that moved in on D-Day plus one and two. We moved through France with, and behind the First Army, and on into Belgium, where I spent most of my overseas time. I was on several detachments going into Holland and Germany.

After the German surrender, we were assembled at Camp Brooklyn, near Reims, France. We sailed from Marseilles on the day the Japs signed the peace terms, September 2, 1945, and arrived in Boston Harbor on September 12, 1945, nineteen months to the day since we had left the United States. I was given a 45-day leave and then I was discharged at Camp Gordon, Georgia, November 7, 1945.

My high school was Grove at Paris, Tennessee, and I graduated from there in 1941, about a year and a half before going into the Army.

JOEL SHORE: I, Joel Shore, graduated from Rives High School, Rives, Tennessee, in 1942. In January of 1943 I entered the Army, being sent to the aircraft warning service of the Army Air Forces. Here I spent a year and a half in training and in aircraft invasion on the Florida coast. In 1944 I entered the cadet training program in the Army Air Forces. The end of the war found me two weeks from completion in advanced bombardiering. With no desire to remain in the Army I was discharged in December after spending 35 months in the Army, all of which was in the United States.

WALTER STEPHENSON: I was working at Vultee Aircraft Corporation when I received by greetings. I had to report to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, for induction. From Fort Oglethorpe I was shipped to Gulfport Field in Mississippi to take basic training. Sheppard Field, Texas, was my next stop. I attended an airplane engine mechanics school. I finished school in about five months and was sent to Kansas in the second air force to work on B29's. We finished training in July, 1944, and were sent to Saipan in the Twentieth Air Force. We stayed there until the war was over. I was sent to Ima Jima about a month after the war was over. I stayed there one month and was sent back to the States for my discharge.

GEORGE W. THORNTON: Upon completing recruit and technical training in the United States my squadron was shipped overseas. The squadron was a unit of the United States Air Corps. We were sent to the South Pacific in 1942. After serving overseas for several months we were made a part of the Thirteenth Air Force, when it was formed. This change came about while we were stationed in Fiji. From this time on we followed this air force to each of their stations until we reached Palaman, P. I. At this time I was sent home, after 35 months overseas.

S. J. WARREN: I finished high school at Alamo, Tennessee in 1940. I waited around home for about two years and volunteered for the Army Air Corps. My first rating was aviation cadet. I had pre-flight training at Maxwell Field, Alabama and Santa Ana, California, gunnery training at Las Vegas, Nevada and bombardier training at Victorville, California.

I went overseas in June, 1944. I was stationed in England and flew with the Eighth Air Force. We bombed such targets as Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, Munich, Regensburg, Schweinfurt, Cologne and Hamm. I finished flying my 35 missions on November 27, 1944. I returned to the United States on December 18.

BILL WEBB: Before entering the service I was a student here at this university. I was called to the Army in December of 1942. This was one of the gravest mistakes the government ever made. I was first put in the Air Corps in which I soon proved to be a very useless character.

I went overseas the first of '44. Serving in the E. T. O. In March of '45 I put in a request to be transferred to the infantry, which took place next day. I was taking training the day the war ended and was transferred to an outfit bound for home. I arrived at Cottage Grove, Tennessee, which is my home, in August, never to leave again.

PHILIP VAN DYCK: I was born February 5, 1919 in Paris, Tennessee. I have lived there all my life except for five years, that being from 1924 until 1929. During those years I lived in Dresden, Tennessee. I started to school in Dresden, where I completed five years elementary school. The rest of my elementary schooling was in Paris. I went to Henry High School in Henry, Tennessee.

On the 14th day of January, 1942, I was inducted into the Army. I trained at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, for 13 weeks and was shipped to Indiantown Gap, which is a port of embarkation. I left the states on May 26, 1942, and went to Fiji Islands. I was there for eight months and went to Guadalcanal for a comparatively short stay. The rest of the time I spent overseas was spent on Samaa, New Caledonia, Iwa Jima, Saipan and Emmerau. I was returned to the states on the 22nd of October, and was discharged on November 8.

FRED C. VOWELL: Fred C. Vowell was born and reared in Martin and is a graduate of Martin High School. Shortly after Pearl Harbor he volunteered for the Air Forces and was accepted on March 31, 1942. The following year on completion of pilot training, he was appointed a second lieutenant and began transition training on B-24's. After flying combat missions in New Guinea, he was appointed assistant operations officer of the Fifth Air Forces Bomber Command and served as such for seven months. He returned to the United States a captain and served until discharged as officer for the Air Forces to Civil Air Patrol. He holds the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters.

WILLIAM E. YANDELL: When the second World War was declared, I was a student in the William R. Moore School of Technology in Memphis, Tennessee. Soon after this declaration of war I was employed by the Fisher Memphis Aircraft Division of General Motors Corporation. This was an aircraft factory and my work in this factory interested me in aviation. In the spring of that year I volunteered for service with the Army Air Corps. After 19

months of training I graduated from the cadet program as a pilot. My advance stage was in twin-engine aircraft.

I was sent to Columbus, Ohio, in July, 1943 for B-17 transition. When the fighting stopped I was short of graduation by two weeks. I was transferred from this station to another B-17 field in Florida. After approximately two months service at this station I was sent to Maxwell Field, Alabama, for reparation.

"On the Feeling of Immortality of Youth"

I sat upon a hill beneath a tree and dreamed—and as I dreamed my thoughts wandered here and there among the worry lines of life—life is like a flame and we live by an invisible sun within us.

No young man believes he shall ever die. In youth he has yet found no obstacle, no disposition to flag, and it seems to him that he may go on forever.

The youth looks round in a new world, full of life and motion, and ceaseless progress; and feels in himself all the vigor and spirit to keep pace with it. He sees no more an end; but a beginning.

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